The grim Cape of Storms is before us, And we'll see it ahead some day. How the prow may point is no matter, Nor of what the cargo may be,

If we sail on the northern ocean Or away on the southern sea It matters not what is the pilot, To what guidance our course conforms No vessel sails o'er the sea of life

But must pass the Cape of Storms.

Sometimes we can first sight the headland On the distant horizon's brim. We enter the dangerous waters With our vessels all taut and trum, But often the cape in its grimness Will before us suddenly rise, Because of the clouds that have hid it Or the blinding sun in our eyes.

Our souls will be caught in the waters That are hurled 'gainst the Storm Cape Our pleasures and joys, our hopes and fears, Will join in the maddening race;

Our prayers, desires, our penitent griefs, Our longings and passionate pain Be dashed to spray on the stormy cape And fly back in our face like rain.

But there's always hope for the sailor There is ever a passage through.

No soul goes down at the Cape of Storms

If the life and the heart be true. If in purpose the soul is steadfast, If faithful in mind and in will, The boat will glide to the other side, Where the ocean of life is still. -Lizzie T. Green in Philadelphia Ledger-

A POST DATED PAPER

Ruin! The word stared me in the face, sang in my ears. Ruin, utter and complete. The prospects with which my hopes had been buoyed up during the last three years faded away like a phantom of the night, for in two days the once prosperous firm of John Farmer & Co., of which I was the sole partner, would be posted up as unable to meet its engagements.

Borrow! Bah! Who would lend? firm of my pretensions.

to face the matter out quietly. For myself, it would not mean much. but for her-ah!

We had been engaged for 18 months, and with business looking so prosperous we had decided that the time was propitious to consummate our happiness, but this rash speculation-what has it not done? -dashed all my hopes to the ground and blighted all prospects of our

happy future. And of this she knows nothing.

With a heart of lead and cold drops of agony on my brow, I rose from my office chair. The evening was cold, and as I passed out into the street a neighboring clock and ill, I entered a little hostelry off the Strand and called for a glass

At first I was under the impression that I was the only occupant of the room, but an indescribable feeling that some one was staring at me made me look up.

Seated in the farthest corner I descried an object with two piercing eyes that seemed to burn into my brain. I could not call him a man. He looked to me to be about 4 feet high, with a face as pale as death. His head was bald save for a single lock that stood up straight as an arrow in a line with his nose. His mouth was thin and delicate, with a long, black mustache drooping down on either side. As I looked at him he left his seat and came toward me. "Pardon me," he said, "but you

appear to be in trouble."

"Who is there that is not in trouble at some time of his life?" I answered, with a laugh.

"What is it?" he asked! "Love?" I shook my head. "Then it must be money," he

"Why?" I asked.

"The only things that trouble a man in this world are love and money. Am I not right?"

"The value of your axiom I am not inclined to dispute," I answered; "but, since you seem to take an interest in me, I don't mind saying that, as regards myself, the trouble

is money." "Ah! I thought so-moneymoney-nothing but money. Market's up-money made; market's down-money lost. Rich today-

tomorrow ruin!" "You speak truly," I answered.

"If we only could tell."

"Tell what?" I asked. "What the morrow will bring forth." "If we only could!"

"We would be millionaires," he

continued. "Multimillionaires," I assented.

"And yet"-

"Yes." "If I were to tell you that at this moment I have in my pocket a copy

of tomorrow evening's Moon, you would not believe me.' "I would not." I answered.

"I thought not," continued my strange companion. "The world is full of skeptics."

"Do you ask me to believe that you are in possession of information concerning events which have not yet taken place?" I asked. "I ask you to believe nothing-I

merely state facts." "And what does your supernatural paper contain," I asked-"the

state of the markets?" "The exact state of the markets as they will be at closing time to-

morrow and the actual results of tomorrow's racing.' "You must be a wonderful wiz-

post dated paper?"

"what would it be worth to enlightened upon many mysterious

you?" he asked. "If I had any faith in what you tell me, I would give you pounds for it, but as I believe it would prove to be nothing more than a swindle I don't mind satisfying my curiosity to the extent of a couple | tion dawned upon me in all its real-

of shillings." "Many people would give a fiver for the racing results alone. Make it | had buoyed up my spirits at the half a sovereign and it's yours." "Not I," I answered. "I never

bet on races."

"That's no reason why you period imagined that my fortunes shouldn't. Why, a few pounds in- could be rebuilt by the caprice of a vested on a horse tomorrow will bring you in thousands."

"Bah!" I answered. "All talk." "Well," said the stranger, with a sigh, "I would like you to have it. It would do you a lot of good, especially as you are in money troubles. Say 5 shillings?"

"Well, if 5 shillings will be of any service to you, here they are," I said, producing two half crowns. "You will never regret it. I thank you." And, placing a neatly folded paper upon the table, my mysterious

friend disappeared. Scoffing at myself for being so feeling of curiosity, I opened the sheet. On looking at the date I found to my astonishment that ter, that the aspect of affairs caused drinks were served without stint. my friend had spoken truly. Today | me no uneasiness.

in my hands was dated the 13th. Mechanically I turned to the cotton market, and found that my par- on! ticular holding was two points up, and although I only had the word of this mysterious stranger to vouch for the accuracy of the report, a strange glow of hope took posses- first stroke of 3 I started in my

was the 12th, and the paper I held

sion of me. For was I not morally certain in clap. my own mind that the market would rise during the coming week? Oh, if I could only hold on-but itself sufficiently to balance my No; there was nothing for it but | losses in so short a time-what could

Turning to other items of the pagrams relating to foreign affairs and then my eyes fell upon "Today's Racing:"

WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL STAKES. Songbird.....

100 to 8 The Poppy. Won by a neck "Thirty-three to one," I reflected. "A rank outsider; £100 on Blackfriar would bring in over £3,000-

day .. Oh, if I could only trust it!" The more I thought about it, the more fascinated I became. Thirty- Songbird...... chimed 7. For an hour or more I | three to one. Could I risk it? The The paper dropped from my wandered aimlessly about the paper was no doubt a fraud, but nerveless hands and I fell back in streets, until at last, feeling sick | had chance thrown it in my way

for a purpose? But I was ignorant of betting miracle. affairs; even should I decide to risk

My further thoughts were rudely interrupted by a resounding slap on the shoulder, and on turning round I beheld in the intruder an old college chum, Dick Hampton.

'Jack Farmer, by all that's lucky! Why, who would have thought of can't tell a horse from a hayseed, running up against you like this?" "Why, when did you come down,

Dick?" "Only arrived tonight, my boy. I've just left the north to see the International run tomorrow."

"The International," I murmured, as I crumpled the paper into my pocket.

with you? You are looking awfully down. Come along with me to the you up."

"No," I answered. "I cannot with the bookmaker tomorrow." leave business."

suppose you are on the road to become a millionaire-eh?" "Not quite. But what is going to

win tomorrow?" "Songbird, my boy, without a

doubt. You take my advice and have a couple of ponies on it." "What chance has Blackfriar?" "Not the slightest ghost of one-

it is as rank an outsider as ever carried a jockey. Songbird will romn home and make hacks of the field." "What price is Blackfriar?" I

"Anything you like." "And Songbird?"

"Oh, Songbird is quoted at 3 to "Supposing I wished to put £100

on Blackfriar-how could I do it?" "Pshaw, my dear boy, you could get £1,000 on as easily as wink, if

you wished to lose it.' "But," I persisted, "say I had £100 to throw away on an off chance, would you undertake to in-

vest it for me on Blackfriar?" "There, I knew you were a millionaire. Of course, if you have a fancy for the animal, back it, but as sure as ducks can swim the money might just as well be thrown | ing fool. A man can be persuaded

into the gutter." my check for £100 to be put on and I hit upon the idea of printing Blackfriar for the International." "S. P.?" inquired Hampton.

"What is that?" I asked. "I say, Jack, old man, but you are green-S. P. means starting price. If you back it S. P., you get your money back if it doesn't run, but if you take a stated price about it, and it gets scratched, you lose

your money without having the satisfaction of a run for it." "Then S. P. by all means," I answered. "And now let us go and | ternational?"

have some supper." After supper we spent a very knew no more about the horse than ard. And what is the price of this | pleasant hour together, and I was | a babe unborn."

hang upon a horse and jockey. In my imagination I could hear the Ill news travels fast, and the mar- settling day was at hand, and the thud of many hoofs as they spurned ket knew I had been badly hit for a market could not possibly recover the ground in that wild scramble

toward the winning post. Then half an hour later I heard the newsboys racing down the street shouting with their brazen per I found many paragraphs of lungs: "Special! Winner of the Instale news, a number of new tele- ternational!" And a nauseating sickness crept over me-my head spun round and round as I staggered out

and purchased a paper. With trembling hands I laid it on my desk, and for some minutes I sat there not daring to open it. Then, composing myself with a great effort, I opened the sheet and let my

racing technicalities, and finally

which I had started the evening.

But in the early hours of the

The false beacon of hope which

of an imbecile bet. I had for a short

race horse whose existence I had

not dreamed of 12 hours before, and

I quickly realized that instead of

improving my position I had mere-

ly placed a further £100 in jeopardy.

thus meet the rogue who sold me

the paper which lured me to my

folly. However, I reflected that,

being so deeply in the mire, another

ters boldly, and when my broker

But the weariness of the day-the

With my eyes fastened on the

feverish excitement that took pos-

session of me as the hours rolled

clock I watched the hands slowly

creep to the hour fixed for the race.

Yet it seemed strange that I should

morning the old horror of my posi-

eyes rest upon the fatal column. Great heavens! Could I believe more than sufficient to meet settling my senses? There staring me in the face was:

my chair with a gasp.

My position was saved as if by a

At 80'clock I went to the Norfolk half of my £200, how was I to set hotel to meet Dick Hampton, and found him with a face as long as the proverbial fiddle.

"Jack, you lucky dog-but it's always the way-a man spends the best part of his days studying horses, and thinks he's found a good thing, when up comes a greenhorn that spots an outsider and wins a fortune."

"Well, look here, Dick, you needn't grudge it to me. If Blackfriar had lost, I would have been a bankrupt tomorrow. When can I get the money?"

"Good heavens, man, you don't mean to say that all your luck was "Yes. Why, what's the matter on that horse? Well, some people ride a forlorn hope and get home, while others get thrown over the races in the morning. It will liven rails. As to the money, I can give

And as soon as the bank opened "Business-always business. I in the morning I paid £3,400 into my account, and forwarded a check to my broker to cover my week's

steadily, and a fortnight later I cleared out with a snug little £20,-

Some six months after I was leaving my office to go home to my little house at Richmond, where my dear wife was awaiting me. The evening was raw and chill with a driving rain. Passing beneath the light of a street lamp, a man ac-

costed me and begged for alms. It was the man who had sold me the post dated paper.

Full of curiosity, I took him into a public house near at hand, and, having ordered some refreshment, I

turned to him. "Do you remember," I asked, "selling me, six months ago, a post dated paper giving the winner of

the International?' "Perhaps I did," he answered.

"I've sold lots of them." "Explain."

"Well, you see, sir, it is this way: There are a lot of fools in this world -and there is no fool like a sportto back anything in a race. I had "Well, anyway I will give you a friend who had a printing press a paper to resemble The Evening Moon, dating it a day in advance and filling in the sporting column with a few outside horses at long prices. Then I haunted the hotels and drinking bars until I spotted my man, got into conversation with him, put on a mysterious air and generally finished up with dispos-

ing of a copy for half a sovereign." "But how did you come to place Blackfriar as the winner of the In-

"Pure luck, sir, pure luck. 1

Giving the man a sovereign I departed, reflecting upon the strange wended my way home in a far bet- fortunes that befall a man in this A Great Race That Was Run In President | How a Refractory Chimpanzee Was ter frame of mind than that with life and blessing the lucky chance that led me to purchase a "post dated paper."-London Tit-Bits.

Mathew's House. banker maintained a country house | Stars in their courses had prevailed | Frank Buckland's description of his upon what were supposed to be en- against both. Probably all were of management by Mr. Bartlett gives close of the previous evening now tirely original lines. It was, how- original Arabian stock. The Stars presented itself to me in the form ever, a poor imitation of the estab- were slight of limb and had a lishment of Mr. Mathew of Thomas- tendency to contraction of the feet. ton, Ireland, who lived in the ear- The stronger Messengers were more mals. The big ape needed exercise. lier years of the last century. Mr. to be depended upon for long dis. This he obtained by being allowed Mathew inherited an annual income tance trotting. The Bashaws came the run of the large monkey house, of about \$125,000. For many years from Barbary, and were of near and instead of remaining in a side room, he lived abroad in a very frugal unquestionable Arabian origin. manner in order to accumulate an One of the most famous races in knew he would be caught and put amount that would enable him to all the history of the turf was at this back into his own room at this hour, indulge in a form of hospitality in time fresh in the public mind. his own country in harmony with | Hunting Park course, in Philadelthe plan he had devised. His house phia, was the scene, the prime 1831. in Ireland might be compared in The actors were such notable fliers size with a modern hotel. Each of as Topgallant, Whalebone, Dread, not be tempted by food, Mr. Bartinch or two as represented by the those he wanted to visit him had a Chancellor, Collector, Lady Jack- lett appealed to his mind by work-£100 would not make so much differ. suit of apartments and ordered his son, Moonshine and Columbus. The ing on what he had noted to be his meals at the hour that best suited | course was a three mile track, and But the game is not lost until it is him. He could eat alone or he there were four heats. The horses won, and I determined to face mat- could invite others to join him. All the visitors hunted, shot, fished, riders wore gorgeous suits of silk. this hour: "Mr. Bartlett went to easily duped, and yet with a strong called at my office to sound me as played billiards or cards at will, "Eight such horses," says Woodto my position I assured him, with and all brought their own horses. ruff, "and such riders had never thy on the shoulder, directed his atall the self assurance I could mus. There was a regular bar where met before, and it is doubtful wheth- tention in a mysterious manner to

Mr. Mathew as host completely his visitors as one whose stay was as definitely fixed as theirs. In fact, he conducted his house as if it were a hotel, with the exception that all was allowed to accept a tip. Viola-And when the gong sounded the tion of this rule was followed by the instant dismissal of the offendchair as if I had heard a thunder- er. This establishment, unlike other | fourth. country houses of Ireland of the Now they are off and my fortunes period, was conducted with perfect order and method and without waste. His hospitality was lavish and attracted to Mr. Mathew all of the more famous men of the time. The great sum that he had put aside during his residence abroad enabled him to indulge his hospitable instincts until he died .- New York

An Irish Schoolhouse.

Nearly every day I saw the children going to school in the morning and met them returning in the evening. Their aspect had the same untamed wildness then that it the bogs and crags that surrounded the home village, is the comment of a writer in The Outlook. The schoolcept for a few of the older boys, lunch, and that was all the food and healthy. Probably weaklings do not survive long. Once I noticed returning from school carried a a wreck of a book-covers broken, these "claims of long descent." marked and greasy within, and

many pages gone or torn. The schoolhouse was a bare modern building, with gray plaster eyes, light neck, high wither, muswalls. It stood in the center of a cular forearm, short back, round rough, rocky yard that was surrounded by a high stone wall. Outside the inclosure all was bog.

The Old Order Changes.

The old Scots parliament decreed that "golf and football shall be utterly cryit dune," and today the Scots parliament does not exist, type corresponds more to the Ameriwhile football and golf have inheryou my check tonight and settle ited the earth.-Edinburgh Dispatch.

Effective Prayer. A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had From that day the market rose set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied, "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds. "Anything else?" "Yes," she said. "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps." And, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, she went and kicked the traps all to pieces -Philadelphia Ledger.

A Reproof. Wife (wearily)-Ah, me, the days of chivalry are past! Husband-What's the matter

Wife-Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you got angry simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat .-London Fun.

Herve's Musical Career.

Herve, the French composer, began his musical career as an organist. When a boy, he strolled into a church one day and persuaded the blower to let him try the organ after the service. He then improvised something wonderfully sweet and strange. The priest happened to hear it, strolled in and was amazed. "Where did you learn to play the

organ, my boy?" he asked. "This is the first time I have ever played it, father," he replied. "Well, you had better apply for the post of organist here," said the priest. "There is a vacancy next

week." The boy applied and was accepted.

- The Pope does his private writwriting with a gold pen, but the pontificial signature is always written white dove.

OLD TIME TROTTERS.

Jackson's Time.

The sports of the turf were growing in popularity in the United keys" kept at the zoo began with States. The contest lay principally Joe, a chimpauzee, which the erecbetween the Messengers and the rion of the new monkey house en-Some years ago a San Francisco Bashaws, though for a time the abled to be kept alive for some time.

were generally docked, and the count of the daily proceedings at it makes the adventeasy and nearly painer they will again.'

effaced himself. He mingled with nearly 24 years old, and was spay- pretending to point out to Sutton ined at that. Whalebone had no some horrible unknown creature, pedigree, and was minus one eye. using an energetic manner, but say-Columbus was known as the first ing nothing except words to this horse that ever trotted the three effect: 'Look out! There he is! There was without charge. No servant mile course in less than eight min- he is!' At the same time the two utes. He had a record of 7:58. Col. men would peer into the dark place lector won the first heat, Topgallant under the gas pipe. the second and Dread the third and

The victor was a gelding. Up to this time all famous male trotters were doomed to be the last of their line. The era of trotting stallions out!" and rushed away in the direcwas dawning. The rising hope of the Bashaws was a famous pacer, would rush for the same place of who was destined to make a record safety, which happened to be the of two miles in 5:18 at the Center. door of his own house, and someville (N. Y.) race in 1835. His name was shared with the great Democratic president, and reporters for monkey never learned the decepthe papers divided their space equitably between the two. Even a reference to Andrew Jackson the Ba. his morning's airing. shaw was not sufficiently specific in those days, for the Barbary title was one by which more than one to the "wonderful way" some peohad as I saw them running about lady of the cabinet circle had designated the executive himself.

The Barbary horse was really the would walk around and see all the Arabian horse, that had removed house was four miles distant along with his master from the desert peninsula to northern Africa. The and his suggestions or directions the dun marshes. The children Arabs claim that the horse was first were scarcely ever at fault. Take, went barefoot and bareheaded, ex- tamed by Ishmael, the son of Abraham-or, as they style him, Ismail, rhinoceros with a bad "place" on who wore caps. They each carried | ibn Ibrahim-and that their amous | his face. The question was, Does a piece of dry bread for their noon coursers of the present day are the the abscess come from a bad tooth, descendants of the steeds of the pathey had till they returned home triarch's family. Indeed the orienlate in the afternoon. But, with all tal horse trader will not blush to the toothache, and though this one their hardships, they looked sturdy | present to you a written pedigree, if you require it, giving all the causans was not obvious. All Mr. names of the sires in ascending line that a boy in a group of children to the days of King Solomon. The less the traveler in Arabia is acbook, and I asked to see it. It was quainted with the Arab character cut, and the rhinoceros at once ate a most forlorn little third reader, the more he will be impressed with

Your true Arabian steed stands 14 to 15 hands high, with large head and deep jowl, large and gentle "barrel," narrow hind quarter and high set tail. He is not always gray in color, as is popularly supposed. He is a constant galloper, a bold jumper, a docile, courageous and lovable creature. He has improved in size by his removal to Barbary, and as a consequence the Barbary can ideal.—Hubert M. Skinner in

Not Equal to the Test.

There is a business man in this town who is a terror to stenographers. His amanuensis, who has ebony. Maple is used for the back, been with him a long time, was recently taken sick. The employer mailed a letter to a local business college to send him a stenographer side linings and the sounding post. and typewriter. The business man | Ebony is used for the finger board, is very particular about his vocabu- the tailboard, the nut, the guard for lary and wants everything written just as he dictates it. Therefore, in order to test the newcomer's accuracy, he, instead of dictating an ordinary business letter, gave forth the following at a rate of speed that would do justice to a stump speaker: .turbance in the circulation of the

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitation or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amica- Great harm has often resulted from ble philosophical or psychological the treatment of ignorant people in nous ponderosity. Let"-

But he got no further, for the -Philadelphia Record.

Wood Stone.

From a mixture of magnesia and sawdust subjected to a high temperature and great pressure Dr. Otto Lehnig has produced a substance which he calls "xylolith," or "wood stone." It can be cut with tools, but, it is said, does not burn and does not absorb moisture. The inventor thinks it should prove useful as a building material.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Leisure is a very pleasant gar-

PLAYED ON HIS WEAKNESS.

Brought Into Submission.

The series of "historical monan insight into his readiness and resource in dealing with different anibefore the visitors came. As he the ape used to climb up to the top of the other monkeys' cages and refuse to come down. As he could weak points, curiosity and cowardice. This is Frank Buckland's acthe keeper, and, touching him genthe dark passage underneath the Topgallant, a Messenger, was gas pipe which traverses the house,

The monkey used presently to come down to see what the subject of fear and interest was, when Mr. Bartlett and Sutton used to shout: "He's coming out! He's coming tion of Joe's cage. The monkey times enter it before them. Buckland notes it as curious that the tion, but would be taken in by it whenever the time came to finish

These "indirect methods" of animal management, sometimes akin ple have with little children, never failed Mr. Bartlett. To the last he creatures as to whose health or temper the keepers had any misgivings, for example, the difficult case of a or does it only need lancing? You cannot ask a rhinoceros if he has was in considerable pain the causa Bartlett said was, "Give him a new birch broom." The broom was presented, with the bands at the top it, grinding up the bits with great gusto. "Ah, you see his teeth are CHARLESTON AND WESTERN all right," said Mr. Bartlett, and next day he "lanced" the abscess with a well sharpened billhook. The diagnosis was ingenious and worthy of the head of the profession, which Mr. Bartlett undoubtedly was.-London Spectator.

Anatomy of a Violin. Taken to pieces a violin would be found to consist of the following parts: Back, 2 pieces; belly, 2; coins and blocks, 6; sides, 5; side linings, 12; bar, 1; purflings, 24; neck, 1; finger board, 1; nut, 1; bridge, 1; Ar Augusta... tailboard, 1; button for tailboard, 1; Lv Calhoun Falls.... string for tailboard, 1; guard for string, 1; sound post, 1; strings, 4; pegs, 4; total, 69. Three kinds of wood are used-maple, pine and the neck, the side pieces and the bridge. Pine is used for the belly, the bar, the coins and blocks, the string of tailboard, the pegs and the

Fainting Fits.

button.-Philadelphia Times.

Fainting proceeds from different causes, the commonest being a disblood in the brain. For an ordinary fainting fit lay the patient flat. observations beware of platitudi- trying to make the patient sit up or propping up the head with pillows. To send the blood back from the poor amanuensis broke his pencil in heart to the brain the flat posture the effort, after which he got up, is absolutely necessary. Let the pawiped the perspiration from his tient lie so that the feet are higher forehead and quickly left the office. than the head, throw the clothes about the chest and throat open, sponge the face with cold water and give some cold water to drink.-New York Ledger.

She Got a New One.

"I've stopped asking people if my bonnet is on straight.'

The Husband-Why, my dear? The Wife-I love you too much, John, to disgrace you by calling a body's attention to an old bonnet like this .- London Tit-Bits.

with a pen made from the feather of a ment, but it is a bad one for constant rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em!"

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4 25 pm
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